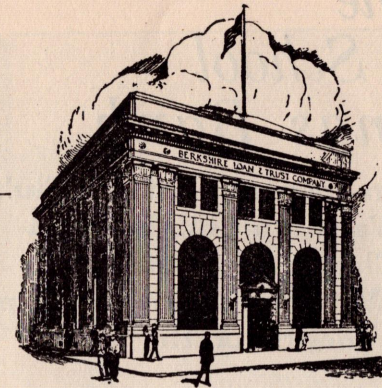


The
Students
Pen

Commencement Number
January 1925



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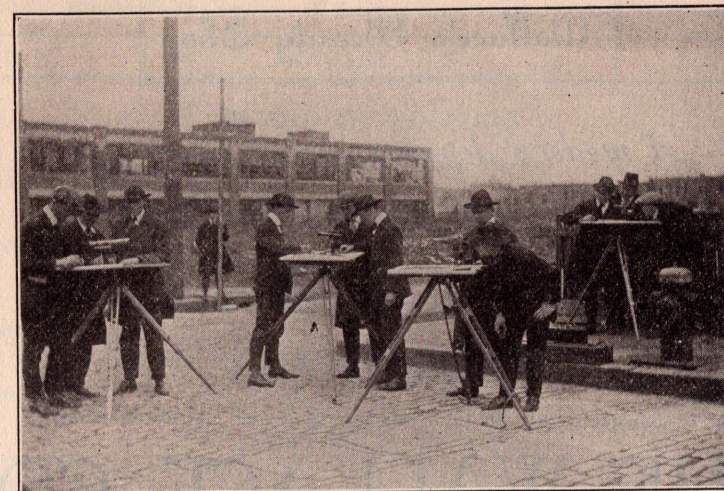
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The STUDENT'S PEN

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Mr. William J. Hayes left Pittsfield High School on December seventh to take a position in the English High School, Boston. Mr. Hayes had been connected with Pittsfield High School for thirteen years, having had charge of the English department and having acted as faculty adviser of the Student's Pen. An educated man, well-liked by both teachers and pupils, always ready to relieve any situation with either wholesome advice or ready wit, Mr. Hayes was an inspiration to everyone who came in contact with him. To have such a teacher and friend leave us was like removing one of the foundation stones of a great building, for certainly no one was more instrumental than he in the establishment of many of our educational ideals. We realize that in Mr. Hayes we have lost one of the best of instructors. We are, however, very glad that such an opportunity should come to one of our teachers, and to him we extend our sincerest wish that he may prove to be as successful in his new position as he has been at Pittsfield High School. The class of February '25 affectionately dedicates this issue of the "Student's Pen" to its former instructor and friend, William J. Hayes.

The Editor-in-chief,

Mildred McLaughlin

Valedictory

"The Voice of Man"

FROM prehistoric times, the possession of the power of speech and the ability to use it as a means of communication has been one of the distinctive marks between man and the lower animals, for speech is characteristic of the human race. Search where you will, you cannot find a people without a language, although that language may be simple and primitive. Language is the center of the entire mental and intellectual life of man and is the starting point toward progress and civilization. As man has developed slowly through the ages, the power of language has slowly advanced with him.

As in the lower animal kingdom, for the purpose of defense, deer wander in herds, wolves in packs, birds in flocks, and have a code of signaling—a motion of the head, a wave of the tail or an unintelligible call; so man, the most defenseless of all animals, was driven to unite into bands and to contrive a means of exchange of ideas. At first, his language was merely that of signs and gestures. Man, however found that a sign language was of no avail on a dark night or when some object or distance intervened between him and his companions. So a small vocabulary of vocal cries was invented.

At first, objects were denoted by the sounds they made—a lion, by an imitated growl; or an approaching wolf, by a whine. Even at the present day, a little child will call a watch, a "tick-tick"; a locomotive, a "choo-choo"; and we speak of the clash and clang of steel; thus showing it is natural to denote objects by means of imitation. But there came a time in the primitive man's life when he wished to denote an object that had no noise perceptible to the ear, and so he was forced to invent sounds of his own. Thus, gradually, was a language built up; and slowly has that language developed into a comprehensive scheme of transferring ideas. Not man alone can speak. Some birds have attained that power; but they connect no meaning with the cries they produce. Everyone has heard the parrot enunciate certain expressions which, by constant repetition, have been taught it. But an instance has never been recorded where a bird or animal gave utterance to an original speech requiring mental action. Thus is man distinguished from the brute creation, and thus has he placed a continuously widening chasm between their intelligence and his own.

When we pause and think of the benefits which the human race derives from the power of speech, we are astounded. What if we had no trained voice by which to convey thoughts and expressions! How far above the primitive man would we have progressed? It is certain that the development of the human mind is largely dependent upon the interchange of ideas. If there existed no means of vocal communication, we would be unable to transfer our thoughts and discoveries to another; and there would be no written language. The progress of each person would, therefore, be limited to the discoveries and thoughts of his own mind. How rapid then would be the world's advance?

The language of primitive man was crude and savage, his tone of voice harsh and unmusical. Speech has, however, been steadily improved and trained until now, the voice and language are an unerring indication of culture. The voice has

become musical; and speech in the mouth of a skillful orator is the most persuasive of all the arts. A good orator, by the magic of his tones, moves a vast audience to that of which they would never have dreamed. Such men are rightly called, "Masters of Voice". Demosthenes, Cicero, Mark Antony, Gladstone, Patrick Henry, and Daniel Webster are but a few of the familiar names in the list. The noble expressions, which have been uttered by the lips, are numberless, sweetening and purifying the lives and souls of all who hear. Patrick Henry yet echoes throughout the world:

"Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Without speech, Shakespeare's noblest thoughts could never have been conceived, much less expressed, and we would never have heard what countless minds have admired and countless lips reiterated:

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
It is an attribute of God Himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

If one should enter upon a life study of noble speech, his days would be well spent, but he would scarcely make a beginning,—and still the sweet speakers speak on, the noblest and the highest that is in them.

One of the saddest words, known to articulately speaking man is "Farewell". It is the last word that the soldier has on his lips as he leaves his home to go forth to battle. It is the word that marks a separation—transient or permanent. It is the word that this class must say tonight—Farewell to each other and to the days that have been. Yet on our lips that farewell is not a sad one, for we go forth with hope. In looking into the future we forget the sorrow of parting; and so we simply say "Farewell".

Leslie Deming

Salutatory—Music and Life

IN a cathedral stands a majestic organ; on a public stage one finds a variety of instruments, skillfully shaped, for producing sounds of different quality; and in the home is that orchestra in epitome, a pianoforte—why?

There is some supreme power in music that makes for harmony, happiness, and spiritual perfecting. The mother's lullaby quiets the suffering child. The brain-weary worker finds refreshment for mind and body in the strains of an orchestra. The soldier is nerved for battle by tunes ringing with patriotism. A worshipping congregation is physically impressed and often spiritually exalted by the organ's lofty peal. Music is one of the most valuable auxiliaries in the work of

civilization and refinement, preparing the heart for all else that is beautiful, opening avenues of pleasure in other arts, inspiring a quicker sensibility to all the loveliness of nature, and softening our feelings toward one another. Love, peace, happiness, misery,—all are expressed in music.

If we try to trace the history of music, we see more clearly why these facts are so. Music's origin must be looked for in natural causes. The elements of all music exist around us in the sighing of the leaves, the song of birds, even in the roar of the monster ocean, or the impressive tones of mighty thunder. The bent of man's mind in all ages has been to imitate this voice of Nature; and in this way, music had its origin, ages and ages ago in the fundamentals of life itself.

More than ever before, we are appreciating the practical value of music. Today music has become a branch of common education in our public schools. The most notable event in the past five years is the new plan for giving school credits for outside music study. The elements of the system by which such credit is given can be readily understood. It is generally agreed that the study of music should begin during school age "to be educationally effective," and this is true, not only for the few who may choose music as a life work, but for all others. Some have been forced to give up their study of this art when they entered the secondary school, as their curriculum there demanded all their time. The opportunity to study music as a subject given school credit is extended to the student. A special registration is provided for this course; periodic reports, stating the number of lessons taken and the rank attained must be given to the school authorities by the outside teacher; and examinations must be taken by the student before credit is allowed. In this way the boy or girl is able to continue his musical career through the four years of high school.

Because music has such charms to soothe the mind, it also has a very real power to heal mental wounds. Columbia University has started a course in a new method of healing called "musicotherapy". Different instruments are used for different types of trouble. Some cures seem little short of miraculous.

Memories have been brought back; acute temporary insanity done away with. One captain who had been hurled into the air and then in debris at the bursting of a bomb, had completely lost his mind, but music cured him. Thus we see the great part music is beginning to play in the medical world.

Music can never be understood if it is separated from life. Every musical composition is a human document, and in it we see more or less clearly defined the likeness of its creator. It voices his ideals and aspirations, his deepest feelings and his longings. His music expresses his inward life.

Hand in hand, the two go to-gether, life producing music and music enriching and aiding life. As long as there is life, there will be music.

"Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm.
Music can soften pain to ease
And make despair and madness please.
Music is the universal language of mankind."

Nettie Poch

Elbert Hubbard—A Leader of Men

THE busy man has long been waiting for someone to put into simple words the big lessons of life so that everyone might profit by their teachings. No one in our own day has so efficiently performed this service as Elbert Hubbard. Indeed it has been said that the pen of this man has done more to stimulate the best minds of the country than that of any other American writer living or dead. His subjects appeal to any person with ordinary intelligence, for above all things they are practical. People of leisure study Hubbard for style, while thousands of men and women who toil daily to carry on the world's great enterprises, read him for inspiration.

Of special interest are the astounding revelations of the value of his works to men of prominence, men who have succeeded in life and whose testimony is not to be taken lightly. Thomas Edison, acclaimed the greatest inventor of modern times says, "Elbert Hubbard has been of big service to me in telling me the things I knew, but which I did not know I knew, until he told me." Another admirer, found in the person of W. C. Brown, ex-president of the New York Central lines, declared, "Hubbard has helped me to think more and better than any other author I have ever read." Henry Ford pays his tribute to this genius saying, "His writings are a boon and a blessing to the busy man."

What is the message of Elbert Hubbard that so inspires those who read his works with greater strength to struggle against the odds that face them? A brief review of his "Message to Garcia" will best answer this question. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with Garcia, the leader of the insurgents. He was somewhere in the mountains fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. Someone suggested to President McKinley that a fellow named Rowan could find Garcia if anybody could. Rowan was sent for and given the message. Arriving in Cuba, he disappeared into the jungle and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having delivered his message to Garcia.

Hubbard uses this incident to teach a lesson, that success comes only to those who are loyal to the trust imposed in them, and that with courage and initiative, all things are possible to the man who believes in himself. No one can read this essay without being moved to self-analysis. The moral is so obvious, so personal, and so practical that one sees the application of it at once. Thus, thru reading Hubbard, one is stimulated to greater effort and more glorious achievement.

Elbert Hubbard's literary masterpiece is a series of essays, known as "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great". Believing that all history resolves itself easily into the biographies of a few men, Hubbard has given us in brief but vivid form the life story of the world's leaders. These are no dry-as-dust histories, for he has touched them with a magic wand and pictured in glowing, living form the great leaders who have determined the course of civilization. The essays are so written that those who have but little time to spend in reading lengthy biographies, may in their spare moments, become acquainted with the pulsing, vivid personalities

that have shaped our world. Walt Whitman, Thomas Carlyle, George Washington, Daniel Webster, Michelangelo, Napoleon, and the great men of all time move across his pages as real and as inspiring today as they were in their own lifetime. The effect of reading "The Little Journeys" and other writings of Hubbard, is almost inconceivable. The praises which they have everywhere evoked are evidence of the author's inspirational leadership.

"He is great who thinks for himself; he is great who causes others to think." This, Hubbard himself believed, and if we apply this standard of judgment to his works, we find in them the elements of greatness. His writings have done much to encourage and inspire the world's workers, and to rouse their admiration and understanding of the achievements of great men. May we not truly say of Elbert Hubbard:

"When the high heart we magnify
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great."

Mildred McLaughlin

Dr. Charles Proteus Steinmetz

"MEN may come and men may go, but I go on forever." So says the Brook in Tennyson's poem. But there is always a loophole in generalizations and thru it often slips an interesting and fascinating exception. The one at hand is Dr. Charles Proteus Steinmetz. The memory of his charming personality will continue to live in the minds of all until the end of time.

Steinmetz came to our shores a penniless, almost friendless wanderer, an exile from his own native land. The immigration officials would have barred the young prodigy from our country, had not his only friend, a Mr. Ammunsen, interceded in his behalf. Our country was afraid we would be forced to support the seemingly helpless cripple. How close we came to losing one of the most valuable minds of the age! How close the world came to losing one of its greatest electrical scientists and mathematicians.

The General Electric Company, however, recognized the wonderful intellect of the "Little Giant," as he was often called, and added him to its engineering force. Before long he had advanced to the office of Chief Consulting Engineer of the huge organization. While acting in this capacity, Steinmetz was allowed perfect freedom to pursue his experiments. He was even at liberty to experiment, at the Company's expense, in one of the best equipped laboratories in the world.

Altho the "electrical wizard" did not leave a definite group of inventions as his donation to the world's progress, as will Edison, Marconi, and others, he so developed the theoretical features of electricity as to make the paths of his successors less difficult to travel. He laid a firm foundation for others to work upon. We owe to him the ease with which the many intricate mazes of alternating current have

been explained. His ideas for the furtherance of the use of electricity in domestic and commercial life are worthy of the deep consideration that is paid them. His greatest desire was to see electricity entirely replace coal and oil for power as well as for heat and light.

Perhaps the most interesting of his many experiments were those conducted in the development of artificial lightning. Learned men came from every country in the world to watch the amazing results of his painstaking investigations. To see the scientist, a mere dwarf of a man, with a frail, awkward body surmounted by a large head, and with the ever-present Panetela in his mouth, one would scarcely believe him capable of manufacturing lightning and directing it at his will. Indeed, he was well known as the "little dwarf who played with thunderbolts."

The outstanding feature of Steinmetz's character was his individuality. Everything he thought or did was purely a result of his own intellect. In politics and in the mathematical as well as the scientific field, he had his own, unbiased opinions and beliefs, which, in the latter cases especially, were highly regarded by everyone. His political creed above all, was extremely original. In fact it was because of his socialistic political beliefs, that he was forced to leave his native land; much to the good fortune of the United States and the scientific world.

Not only was Steinmetz exceptionally well versed in all phases of the scientific world, but, what is more rare, he was gifted with the power to impart his ideas. It is said that his interpretation of Einstein's Theory of Relativity is the most lucid and interesting explanation yet offered. His lectures and books are marked by the same interesting, engaging manner that he manifested in his conversation. Steinmetz was an author of no mean importance. His text books are considered almost faultless by his fellow engineers and his statements are indisputable facts.

Above all Steinmetz was earnest, sincere, and religiously devoted to his work. Although he could have had all the money he wanted, simply for the asking, he never took advantage of the privilege. The luxuries of life, such as automobiles and expensive clothes, never appealed to him. His only automobile was an electric model of the year 1912. His clothes were often shabby and ill-fitting, but they caused the "wizard" no anxiety. All the "Little Giant" desired was enough time and money to develop his ideas for the benefit of his fellow men.

But now this great being has departed. He has been called away from his mighty task of helping mankind. It is true that "men may come and men may go," but the memory of Steinmetz and of his priceless work will be an incorruptible monument to a scientist, a thinker, and a real man.

Carlton Lind

LITERATURE

Women and the Future

Maplewood Prize Essay

IN the future, as in the present, woman will be an integral factor in Social Progress, securing more influence and power with each succeeding generation. Woman must learn what her rights are, and must then demand them. Have women a right to organize clubs and absent themselves from the home? Should they play a part in the constructive life of the nation? Should they enter industry? These are questions that women must decide for themselves. Women were at first uncertain, but now they are asserting their rights with more firmness. Slowly the realization of their independence has dawned upon them.

"The place of woman," cries the opponent of her advance, "is in the home."

"Why," may we ask?

"Well, because she has always been there," comes the response.

Yes, but now she is going to leave it, at least for a portion of her time. The pulsing, living world calls her. Already the father, brother, and husband have heeded the call and left the home. One by one the home industries have followed them, until woman stands on the threshold of a new life in which she demands nothing more than this, and she will take nothing less. This is her WOMAN'S RIGHT!

Among the first principles regarding woman's future activity is the fundamental law of democratic society which means that there are no rights without duties. Woman's emancipation must come, but with it will come also the burden of deciding what she will do with her newly acquired liberty. Women must have freedom, but they must, with the privileges of freedom, accept also its responsibilities.

Women are alive to the importance of the situation. College trained, or trained by college women, the educated girls of the new generation are coming forward and facing the problems with which they are confronted. They are being taught that the future rests mainly upon their shoulders; that they must select, and that, on their selection, the progress of the race depends. They are learning scientifically the problems of domestic science; they have gained wisdom in spending as an essential element in their training. These women are likewise assuming their educational responsibilities. In the home, as well as in the school, they are training children for citizenship; for civic endeavor; for industrial activity; and for fundamental right thinking.

Already, the women of America are accomplishing these things. To achieve their ends, to fit themselves and the future for the rest of the world, these women are organizing so that the new generation will be free, free through their own efforts. The stand is eminently justifiable because, if the women of the future are to be worthy mothers of noble children, and, if they are to participate in social movements, they must have, first, effective self development, second, ability and freedom to choose life activities, and third, a wise concept of the use of leisure time.

Of all the training which should make up the education of the women of the future, none is so important as the training which will enable her to choose her occupation wisely.

Never was industry calling more loudly for woman than it calls today and it makes its call particularly effective because the increasing specialization of the past few decades has afforded scores of openings in newly developing industries. These positions furnish a ready outlet for the energies of the woman who expects to marry, but who finds a few years between her and matrimony.

If compatibility in the home is to be assured, every woman should, before she marries, come in contact with the active world, because of the breadth of view which such a contact affords. Perfect sympathy in the home can be assured only when the wife understands the problems which confront her husband, and she can understand them intelligently only after some contact with the world of affairs.

The future calls the women of the United States to participate in the efforts to secure Social Progress. With capacity, training, and opportunity, they may play a unique part in the development of the new civilization.

The Nineteenth Century has been described as "Woman's Century." In the Twentieth, "the dawn is breaking for womanhood and therefore for all mankind," and men and women are co-operating for the advancement of society.

If woman is to mean all that she may well mean in the future, she must realize that occupation, achievement, and character are a triune which complement each other and make for the highest and best in life. In only woman and democracy can the free spirit "run and be glorified."

Olive Schreiner in "Lyndall" thus expresses it:

"Always in our dreams we hear the turn of the key that shall close the door of the last brothel; the clink of the last coin that pays for the body and soul of a woman; the falling of the last wall that encloses artificially the activity of woman and divides her from man; always we picture the love of the sexes as once a dull, slow, creeping worm; then a torpid, earthly chrysalis, at last the full-winged insect, glorious in the sunshine of the future."

Elizabeth Frank, Com'l.

Who's Who in the Class of February '25

EVELYN ANDERSON (Andy)

Glee Club, Student's Council, Ring Committee, Secretary and Treasurer Room 16, Prettiest Girl.

*"Lovelier was she than all others,
A fair rose blooming in our midst."*

ALBERT AVNET

Etiquette Club, C. M. T. C. Club.

*"May success and joy attend you,
May it last from year to year!"*

BERTHA BASSETT (Tillie)

Student's Pen, Glee Club, Class Vamp and Most Carefree Girl.

"Much shall we miss those vamping ways."

ROBERT BURBANK (Bobbie)

Hi-Y, Prom Committee, Handsomest Boy.

*"Apollo with his curly locks
Had nothing on our Bobbie."*

FRANCIS CHASE

Senior Hop Committee, Who's Who, Public Speaking Club, Home Room Committee, Room 13, Wittiest Boy, Class Clown, Toast to the Girls.

"Your jokes and fun will stay long in our memory."

MILDRED CLOUGH

Student's Pen, Glee, and Handiwork Clubs, Quietest Girl.

*"Proven is the old proverb,
'Tis better to be seen than heard."*

LEWIS COHEN (Lewie)

Home Room Committee, Room 13, Radio Club.

"A friend to all and everyone's friend."

FAYETTE CONTROY (Fay)

Football, 2, 3, 4, Baseball, 2, 3, 4, Basketball, 2, 3, 4, President Room 16, Secretary and Treasurer Room 13.

"A man's man and liked by all."

HOMER COTE (Babe)

Public Speaking, Home Room Committee, Best Natured Boy, Class Orator, Class Bluff.

*"Good natured is the word for you,
May it last your whole life through."*

KATHERINE COUGHLIN (Kitty)

Student's Pen, Program Committee, Prom Committee, Class Giggler, Best Natured Girl.

"Not so large was Kitty, but a busy worker and lover of fun."

FRANCES CROWLEY

Art Club, Student's Pen, Handiwork Club, Glee Club, Prom and Hop Committee.

*"Conscientious and trustworthy, and reliable too,
A friend that's true, through and through."*

LESLIE DEMING

Valedictorian, Cleverest Boy, Quietest Boy, Model Boy Student.

*"In English he was quite a shark,
In French and Math and history dark,
There's nothing that can make him fall,
In fact, he quite outshines in all."*

JOHN DORMER (Johnnie)

Debating, Radio, and Etiquette Clubs, Student's Pen, Hop Committee, Class Will.

*"Whenever there's business about you'll see Johnnie,
Where would the Hop have been without him."*

THOMAS DOYLE (*Tommie*)

Baseball, 3, 4, Basketball, 2, 3, 4, Football, 2, 3, Captain 4, C. M. T. C., Class Athlete.

"Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"

Ask Tommie, he knows!

VICTOR FITCH

Debating Club, Cutest Boy.

"Still water runs deep, they say,

Watch out for Victor!"

FRANKLIN GAMWELL

President Junior Class, Radio Club, Class Prophecy.

"Frank spends twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, studying,

If you don't believe it, ask some of his teachers."

MATTHEW JACOBY (*Matt*)

President Senior Class, Vice-President Junior Class, Student's Pen, Council, Student's Pen, Etiquette Club, Orchestra, Most Carefree Boy, Best Boy Dancer.

"No one could have managed the Senior Class like Matt did,

Our honorable president, long may he shine."

WALTER JOHNSON (*Walla*)

Orchestra, 3, 4, Class Musician.

"Who know but what in our midst a future Paderewski has been concealed?"

ELIZABETH KELLY

Glee and Etiquette Clubs, 3, 4.

"Tim and Tom,

the Kelly Kids.

MARGARET KELLY

Student's Pen, Club Address to Senior B's.

Quiet but well liked."

WALTER LENIHAN

C. M. T. C.

"Coolidge is noted for his unobtrusiveness; Walt must have been taking him for an example. Time will tell."

CARLTON LIND

Public Speaking and Etiquette Clubs, Class Poet.

"The boy with the patent-leather hair and French braid!"

JANET MACBETH

Class Treasurer, Student Council, Secretary Student's Pen, Glee Club, Hop Committee, Statistics, Wittiest Girl.

"In the future, we expect to hear her referred to as a noted jokester in a humorous magazine."

ELEANOR MACROBERTS

Etiquette, Public Speaking, and Student's Pen Clubs, Hop Committee.

"Has such vanity e'er been seen before by man!"

IRA MAY

Student's Pen, C. M. T. C. Clubs, Hop Committee, Toast to Faculty.

"Always ready to do his share—and a little more."

MILDRED McLAUGHLIN (*Tiny*)

Glee Club, 1, 2, Prom and Hop Committees, Class Secretary, 3, 4, Editor-in-chief of Student's Pen, Pro Merito, Graduation Speaker, Most Popular Girl, Cutest Girl, Class Pet, Cleverest Girl.

"Tiny, our most popular girl, certainly need no introduction here."

EMMA PARO (*Cupid*)

School Bank, Glee and Student's Pen Clubs, Hop and Executive Committees.

"Lively and full of fun. She has been a great help in brightening our weary way."

ISABEL PATNODE (*Izzy*)

Secretary Student Council, Music Club, Chairman Prom Committee, Hop Committee, Toast to Boys, Last Will and Testament, Best Girl Dancer.

"A good pal; if there was ever any fun, Izzy always had a hand in it."

LESTER PERKINS (*Cy*)

Public Speaking Club.

"He takes everything so seriously—often a little too seriously—that he is sure to make good."

NETTIE POCH

School Bank, Glee and Debating Clubs, Hop Committee, Banquet Committee, Pro Merito, Salutatorian, Prettiest Bob.

"Nettie's cleverness and perseverance are certain to bring her success."

MIRIAM SAVAGE

Glee Club, Home Room Committee, Rooms 13 and 16, Who's Who, Fashion Plate.

"Miriam, besides being a joy to the eye, is popular and well liked by all."

EMMANUEL SATRAPE

"Always trying to go a little deeper than the surface of a thing."

ERNEST STOESEL (*Ernie*)

Current Events, Radio and Electrical Clubs.

"Our giant: may he reach the stars, both in height and in good work."

LEONARD WILLS

C. M. T. C., and Student's Pen Clubs, President Etiquette Club, Hop Committee and Ring Committee, Vice-president of the Senior Class.

"The most popular boy—nuff said!"

Compiled by:

Miriam Savage

Francis Chase

Our Accumulated Knowledge

We, the members of the class of February, 1925, have, during our four-year course (with a few going four and a half or five years for variety or other reasons) accumulated the following knowledge, which we shall pass on for the benefit of our successors.

Of Benefit (?) to the Girls:

FIRST ITEM: Gold Medal Flour is unexcelled as a facial decoration. (Flavored to one's taste.)

SECOND DITTO: Parties and dances which last until the next morning are injurious to lessons and to marks.

THIRD DITTO: There are a few male members of the faculty, who are susceptible to vamping. (It may bring an "A" or two.)

FOURTH DITTO: For some unknown reason, a few teachers actually expect prepared lessons.

FIFTH DITTO: There seems to be a slight objection to whispering and passing notes. (Take a hint and do it quietly.)

SIXTH DITTO: One cannot prepare for a history test in a few minutes. (Ask the four and a half year pupils.)

Of Equal Benefit to the Boys:

FIRST ITEM: Shellac excels Sli-Kum or Stay-Komb in maintaining that "Valentino" finish.

SECOND DITTO: "Proms" and "Hops" afford unlimited amusement. (From 8 to 11.)

THIRD DITTO: There is a very disciplinary discipline session. (By unanimous vote of the class.)

FOURTH DITTO: The members of the faculty are your best friends. (Except when they disapprove of your conduct.)

FIFTH DITTO: Monday is "make-up day". (Meaning—Make up an excuse for avoiding it.)

SIXTH DITTO: The "Student's Pen" thrives on articles if they are handed in. (Have you handed in yours?)

Of Benefit to All:

THE ITEM: The four years of high school life are only as enjoyable as each individual makes them.

Respectfully submitted,
C. Lind, '25, an Accumulator

History of the Class of February, 1925

JANUARY 31, 1921 was a dark, dreary day as far as the elements were concerned, but it was a bright day for Pittsfield High School and particularly for the class of February 1925, for it was the very beginning of the most important class that ever entered the noble institution of learning. A group of forty-five tiny Freshmen, with high foreheads and bright, intelligent faces, wandered around in a somewhat awe-stricken, confused manner as only Freshmen can do. Perhaps it would be well to say here that the confused look was due to the great responsibility of starting a high school career right, rather than to the beauty of the building. However, all of us found our rooms with no casualties reported, although some rather cutting remarks were made by the Seniors and the self-important Freshmen A's. We entered in the last half of the destructive desk-carving period,



CLASS OF FEBRUARY 1925

but due to our modesty, self-respect, and good bringing up, we refused to cut up or otherwise destroy public property. Before we knew it, the critical first year was over, and a successful year it was too, for very few failed to attain their thirty-nine points necessary to entitle them to become Sophomores. As Freshmen we witnessed the coming of Mr. Strout, a man whose heart is bent on giving a fellow a square deal, and one who has recently proved to the satisfaction of all that he knows how to make a high school dance a social success.

The Sophomore year was spent in diligent study and careful preparation for the years following, since we realized that we would soon find it necessary to run the school as all Seniors think they do, (ourselves excepted of course).

Then our brilliant career really began. We were Junior B's and that called for the organization of our class. Miss Paro and Mr. Delemartar spent an entire A period getting a class adviser, who was none other than Mr. Keaney. Our first meeting took place April 6th, and it certainly was a peppy meeting after it was started. It resulted in the election of the following officers:—President—Franklin Gamwell, Vice-President—Matthew Jacoby, Secretary—Mildred McLaughlin, and Treasurer—Janet Macbeth. The class also decided to pay a class tax of twenty-five cents per month. It thus became the favorite pastime of Janet Macbeth to make the lives of some of our members miserable by dragging quarters out of the clutches of the sporty Juniors, quarters which were supposed to be spent for candy or joke books. The Agricultural Bank was given the honor of keeping our money. At the next meeting the Constitution was presented by Mr. Gamwell and accepted by the class as presented, and we will say that we have lived up to its laws and by-laws.

As Junior A's we kept the same officers. Now came our first social function, the Junior Prom. Under the capable direction of Isabel Patnode, "Bill" Lanou, and Herrick Cook, the Prom turned out to be a most successful affair, not only financially but socially as well. It all happened on December 26, 1923, at the Masonic Temple, and was the last Junior Prom to be held in that place, due to the school committee's opposition to public high school dances. Then after the joy of our successful dance in honor of the Seniors had waned, we were greatly grieved by the fact that our adviser, Mr. Keaney, found it necessary to his advancement to leave and accept a better position. Thus our Junior Year ended amid laughter and tears.

Our Senior year began with Miss Pfeiffer as our new class adviser and it certainly turned out to be a wise selection, for Miss Pfeiffer, with her willingness to work for the best interests of the class, combined with her experience as an adviser of the class of February '24, proved to be just the one to look after our affairs and keep us on the straight and narrow path. Mr. Jacoby became our new president and Mr. Lanou, vice-president, with the offices of secretary and treasurer being filled by the same two competent persons, Miss McLaughlin and Miss Macbeth. A committee was chosen to pick out rings suitable for the whole class. This was a difficult task, but through the diplomatic abilities of Mr. Wills, Miss Anderson and Mr. Hayn, the prettiest ring that ever graced a high school student's finger, was chosen, with no hard feelings on the part of anyone, except perhaps the

Senior A's, who could not conceal their jealousy over our superior ring. This was a feat that had no equal. As loyal high school students should, we loyally supported all athletic activities, sometimes nearly 100% strong. But when P. H. S. determined to send its basketball team to Chicago, members of our class tramped the streets all one rainy Saturday to help raise funds. We also contributed Thomas Doyle and Fayette Controy, our two athletes, to the team and they both did remarkably well. Before the close of our Senior B semester, we were called upon to present a Memorial Day program for an assembly. This we did, and it was said to be the best memorial service held in the Auditorium. As our Junior year had ended with the sorrow of losing Mr. Keaney, so our Senior B semester ended with the loss of Bill Lanou, our Vice-President, who transferred to Williston Prep.

Then came the grand re-opening of the school in September, 1924. We were now Senior A's, and the pride of P. H. S. We carried our chests so far in front of us and our heads so high, that there was real danger of many of us falling over backward. But we soon became accustomed to our exalted position and started seriously our last semester at High School. "Matt" Jacoby was re-elected president and Leonard Wills, Vice-president, with the same experienced secretary, Mildred McLaughlin, and the same experienced treasurer, Janet Macbeth.

We selected class colors, powder blue and silver, and a class motto, "We reach only as high as we aim." Then the preparations for the Senior Hop began. A committee of three was selected, Leonard Wills, Isabel Patnode, and Mildred McLaughlin. Our dance was a social success although the financial returns were small. We are now deep in plans for the greatest mid-year graduation and the best mid-year banquet ever held. With these events, the career of the February class of 1925 will come to a glorious end.

*Emma Paro
Matthew Jacoby*

Honor Students of P. H. S.

At an assembly held December 17th, Mr. Strout announced the honor students, the speakers for the graduation and the Pro Merito students of the Class of February 1925. They are: 1st honor: C. Leslie Deming, 2nd honor: Nettie Poch, Speakers: Mildred McLaughlin, Carlton Lind. Pro Merito Students: C. Leslie Deming, Nettie Poch, Mildred McLaughlin, Carlton Lind.

At the Commercial building the following students received honors: 1st honor: Dorothy Fisher, 2nd honor: Marjorie Karner, Speaker: Evelyn Thomas, Pro Merito: Dorothy Fisher, Marjorie Karner, Evelyn Thomas.

The Class Statistics—February '25

Prettiest Girl—Evelyn Anderson; *Handsomest Boy*—Robert Burbank; *Cutest Girl*—Mildred McLaughlin; *Cutest Boy*—Victor Fitch; *Cleverest Girl*—Mildred McLaughlin; *Cleverest Boy*—Leslie Deming; *Most Popular Girl*—Mildred McLaughlin; *Most Popular Boy*—Leonard Wills; *Wittiest Girl*—Janet Macbeth; *Wittiest Boy*—Francis Chase; *Quietest Girl*—Mildred Clough; *Quietest Boy*—Leslie Deming; *Best Girl Dancer*—Isabel Patnode; *Best Boy Dancer*—Matthew Jacoby; *Model Girl Student*—Nettie Poch; *Model Boy Student*—Leslie Deming; *Best Natured Girl*—Katherine Coughlin; *Best Natured Boy*—Homer Cote; *Prettiest Bob*—Nettie Poch; *Class Vamp*—Bertha Basset; *Class Orator*—Homer Cote; *Class Pet*—Mildred McLaughlin; *Class Musician*—Walter Johnson; *Class Fashion Plate*—Miriam Savage; *Class Poet*—Carlton Lind; *Class Bluff*—Homer Cote; *Class Giggler*—Katherine Coughlin; *Class Clown*—Francis Chase; *Most Carefree Girl*—Bertha Basset; *Most Carefree Boy*—Matthew Jacoby; *Class Mother*—Frances Crowley; *Class Father*—Fayette Controy; *Class Children*—Eleanor MacRoberts and Victor Fitch.

"We ain't good lookin' but we've got good sense!"

Class Prophecy

I REMEMBER back in 1950, twenty-five years after my death, and just after the great Dr. Perkins had brought me back to life in New York, I ran across Bob Burbank, famous inventor and physicist, tinkering with an odd machine.

"Well, well!", I said, "I haven't seen you since February, 1925. How are you? What's that thing?"

"Thing!" he exclaimed. "That's my latest, the only and original air-marine-mobile. Speed 1000 per. Travels anywhere. Want to see the old class?"

I climbed aboard and before I could collect my wits, we were over the ocean.

"Wait a minute," I hollered, "I see something."

"Sure," he said, "You'll see some more in a second."

Then, right beneath us, a ship came to the surface of the water.

"Fitch, Cote and Lenihan, wrecking concern," Bob explained. "Homer goes below in his new diving suit, bores a hole in the ship, sticks in a tube, and 'Vic' and 'Walt' take turns blowing on the other end till the ship rises. They're getting rich." "That reminds me; Janet MacBeth married a billionaire, and now he's a millionaire."

"Shouldn't wonder," I said. "She always was extravagant. Let's see some more."

We headed for the old home town in the Berkshires, and as we were landing, I noticed a crowd near the House of Mercy.

"What's the crowd?" I asked.

"Oh, that's in front of Hayn and Controy's variety store. Ever since 'Millie' McLaughlin became faculty adviser of the 'Pen', 'Fay' works day and night sell-

ing them. He sends them all over the country by 'Johnnie' Dormer and his 'straight-eighty'. 'Johnnie' ran into 'Ev' Anderson once, and hurt her tonsils so badly she had them in splints for a month. 'Ev' had her lawyer, Ira May, sue for \$2,000,000, and rather than have any fuss, 'Johnnie' paid it. 'Ev' says she never made a bigger mistake in her life. She should have sued for \$2,000,100."

"Go on," I said, "tell me some more."

"Well, 'Millie' Clough and 'Nettie' Poch went to a normal school, but 'Nettie' is still there. She can't seem to grasp what's taught her. 'Les' Deming went to college, but he had the same trouble, so he quit.

"We had a class reunion a while ago. There were a few absentees, among them Mat Jacoby. Remember how hard Mat used to study at P. H. S.? He kept it up, and now he's so absentminded he can't remember anything. The Kelly sisters were on hand, being forced to call off a meeting of the Anti-Prohibition League to attend. Walter Johnson was conspicuous by his absence. He couldn't get away from his orchestra in Chicago. However, he gave us a cornet solo by radio. Also Professor Lind of Yale was missing, but he spoke over the radio on 'The Fourth Dimension and Antidisestablishmentarianism.' Neither 'Ike' Patnode nor Miriam Savage was present. You see, 'Ike' tried to kill herself, but the bullet bounced off her head and unlucky Miriam, in the other side of the house was killed. 'Lew' Cohen gave up an engagement with the Keith Vaudeville to come, and Bertha Bassett, Eleanor MacRoberts, and Emma Paro, three famous baritones, left the Metropolitan Opera in the rut so they could attend. There were interesting talks given by Coach Doyle of Notre Dame, and 'Mercury' Delamarter. 'Clayt' told us how he does the century in O flat. He carries an electro-magnet, and when he presses a button, the timing watches are paralyzed. Katherine Coughlin and 'Ma' Crowley created quite a sensation with the newest in hair-cuts, the 'bald-headed bob'. During the course of the meal, President Chase of the Berkshire Street Railway offered Emanuel Satrape \$500,000 for rights on his 'shockless shock absorber'. Chase thought it was time to make the South street line a bit smoother. However, Emanuel insisted his invention was worth only \$400,000, and Chase refused to pay less than \$500,000. The argument kept growing more and more heated, till finally the reunion broke up in a riot, and ex-senator and present Chief of Police Wills was forced to call out the Reserves to restore order."

"Well, you surely had a fine reunion," I said. "I wish I could stay to see some of the folks, but I have to hurry back to New York."

Doctor Perkins was going to put a new heart in me at five o'clock, and it was already a quarter to five. An artificial life certainly has its disadvantages.

Franklin Gamwell.

Farewell Address to the Senior B's.

Dear Senior B's:

We have come, like Marc Antony, not to praise you but to bury your happy anticipation of quite equalling our record of diligence and virtue.

To you from willing hands we bequeath this "handsome," "roomy," yellow brick building. It is yours, not to scratch and mar, but to hold high in its history of unrivalled brilliancy which we, as seniors, have struggled with labored and gasping breath to keep alive.

We leave to you in Room 16 our old newspapers with the hope that you will not experience the same difficulty, as did we, in hunting for three-minute speeches and in solving cross-word puzzles. We leave, also, the bliss of enjoying Mr. Goodwin's "three pointless Ciceronian jokes" and his "beautiful" Latin prose sentences. To the library students, we leave the worn leather-bound volumes that were always "just out" when one wanted to use them. In addition, we hope that you may be able to solve the mystery of that peculiar, ghostly whistle which penetrates the intense silence of that resourceful room.

By the way, speaking of sounds, who has not heard the musical thud of Mr. Rudman's ruler? We suggest having it framed as a memento of the discipline of Room 11, together with his famed expression—"No talking, No talking," the standard school motto. It would be especially useful in the library.

When in Room 9 for History, be sure to give Mrs. Bennett no "glittering generalities," and do not try to "bark up the wrong tree," for she will immediately tell you "there ain't no sich animile!"

May the maps of Rooms 6 and 9 rest in peace, as we have always allowed them to do, being a class of unexploring and undisturbing nature.

To the skylight rooms on the third floor we should, from the bottom of our hearts, like to leave behind—better ventilation, and arm-chairs which would move on noiseless rollers

Now, as to the lunch-room, the class would like to make this suggestion: Why not have automatic slot-machines and safety aisles installed? They would do away with that peril threatening to life and limb at every lunch hour.

However, we can say that we are thankful for one thing and that is the arrival of the new inkwells. From now on parents may expect to be able to locate their fountain pens whenever they need them; teachers, their desk inkwells; and pupils, sudden and unexpected tests—so be on the lookout

Since the "wise" act as a magnet to the "wise," so Mr. Hayes' departure will be followed by ours. Of course, we do not expect any class to equal our capacity of brain power, but we should like to leave to the shades of Room 13, the well-worn, plank floor on which our famous, memorized (?) orations of Hamlet were given.

As a last word of farewell, dear Senior B's: we know that you will never be able to hold the torch of learning high, but please don't extinguish it entirely. However, we do leave behind to you our warm friendship and sincere good wishes for a prosperous half-year.

The Class of '25.

Margaret Kelly



PRO MERITO STUDENTS

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of February 1925

NOW all men by their Presents—that we, the class of February 1925, of Pittsfield High School, of the Shire City of the Berkshires, in the Bay State of the land of “Votes for Women”, students, being in full possession of our entire mental faculties, do hereby make and publish this, our last will and testament, thereby revoking all former wills by us heretofore made.

It is the will of our class, that all of our property, real or personal, be disposed of in the following manner:

We leave and bequeath, to the Seniors, all of our debts, paid and unpaid, all of our grudges, just and unjust; the high school, hoping that their grand-children may attend the new one; certain privileges granted to Seniors only, i.e. to say, “Huh”, instead of, “Will you kindly repeat that question?” to their instructors; to sing out, “Unprepared”, in all classes, without looking or feeling foolish.

We also leave to the Senior B's, the front seats in the auditorium, the senior rooms, providing the future inhabitants unconditionally promise to preserve and protect them from the invasion of the lower classmen, and last but not least, we leave the name “Senior” which is an honor conferred upon those students who have been diligent enough to acquire the vast sum of one hundred and twenty credits.

We bequeath also to the aforementioned class the task of finding substitutes for some of our most noted members, such as Carleton Lind, our “Math Shark”, Leslie Deming, our “Latin Fiend”, Ira May, our “Poet”, Emma Paro, our “Spanish Wizard”, and Homer Cote, the English “Whale”.

To the Juniors we leave the privilege of paying twenty-five cents a month, class tax, and of protecting those puffed up, little mites who strut around the top floor of the building and are known to the upperclassmen as Sophomores; the task of making their Prom better than any succeeding one, and a large graduating class to give tickets to, we leave them, also.

Miss McLaughlin leaves her position as editor of “The Pen” to Miss Agnes Wentworth.

Miss Macbeth willingly bequeaths her position as treasurer to Miss Patten.

Miss MacRoberts leaves the ancient mirror in room 16, rear, left hand corner seat to some fair aspirant of her sex, and to all of the conceited males who happen to learn of its presence there.

To the faculty in general, the exquisite pleasure of pounding into the heads of the pupils the knowledge that they have just imparted to us.

To Mr. Hayes' successor: May this teacher have the pleasant (?) job of hounding the editors for their contributions and of seeing that the work is in on time.

To Mrs. Bennett: The privilege of teaching United States History and Civics

to a class as “brainy” as ours.

To Mr. Goodwin: May he rule the future occupants of room 16 as easily as he has ruled us.

To Miss Wentworth: The ability to stop Seniors from parading around the room at will.

To Mr. Lucey: May his next Senior Mathematics class know a little more about nothing than we did.

To Mr. Strout, Mr. Gannon, and the School Committee: The sincere thanks of the class for the helpful restrictions placed upon their dances, and the hope in the near future they will meet with classes as ideal as this one has been.

The Sandwich Club gladly gives up room 13, and in order to retain their reputation as being “very generous”, the members leave all the wax paper and crumbs, also any stray pennies to the lucky Senior girls who happen to secure such fine souvenirs of such an illustrious group.

John Dormer leaves, to any one Senior capable of using them, his three pet words, percolate, manipulate and jingle. In case anyone should care to try them, he will gladly take a P. G. and give private lessons.

Lastly, we do nominate and select all the post-graduates as executors of this, the Last Will and Testament of the Class of February 1925, Pittsfield High School.
(Signed)

*Isabel Patnode
John Dormer*

Witnesses:

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary (all languages).
Moore's Self-filling Fountain Pen.
Edison's Fungston Mazda Lamp.

Farewell

Yes, the first month is a gray old month,
And chill with frost and snow.
It puts to flight the Christmas cheer,
And bids its pleasures go.
To school we now again return,
With hearts not light and gay,
For very soon—within three weeks—
Our graduation day!

II

The Prom with all its mirth and fun,
Is quickly drawing near,
And banners gay, in bright array,
Adorn these walls so dear.
We're happy that we're leaving—yet
Our hearts do not rejoice,
For we must say good-bye to you,
Our farewells we must voice.

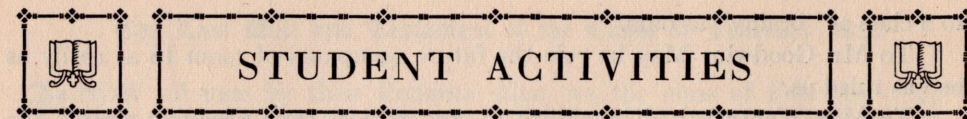
III

The banquet, bright with shining lights,
And shimm'ring evening gowns,
Makes life a joyous round of fun,
Dispelling scowls and frowns;
But when at last the gaiety,
Subsides, and all is still,
Our thoughts go on to deeper things,
Positions we must fill!

IV

The world is waiting for us now,
There's work for us to do.
May you preserve the high ideals
Which we bequeath to you.
So may we in the days to come,
As in the days gone by,
With love unceasing, praise the name
Of dear, old Pittsfield High.

Ellen Andrews



Senior Class Officers

President.....	Matthew Jacoby
Vice-President.....	Leonard Wills
Secretary.....	Mildred McLaughlin
Treasurer.....	Janet Macbeth
Adviser.....	Miss Pfeiffer

Mildred McLaughlin and Janet Macbeth have been Secretary and Treasurer respectively since the class organized on April 6, 1923.

Program at the Class Banquet held at the Tally-ho

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2

Address of Welcome.....	Matthew Jacoby
Toastmaster.....	Franklin Gamwell
Toast to the Boys.....	Isabel Patnode
Toast to the Girls.....	Francis Chase
Toast to Our Future.....	Janet Macbeth
Toast to the Athletes.....	Walter Lenihan
Toast to the Faculty.....	Ira May
Remarks.....	Doctor Gannon
Remarks.....	Principal R. M. Strout
Remarks.....	Miss Pfeiffer
Dancing	

The New Pen Staff

Editor-in-Chief.....	Agnes Wentworth
Assistant Editor.....	Rollin Stevenson
Essays and Specials.....	Ione Howard
Short Stories.....	Leona Pritchard
Poetry.....	Alice Canfield
Student Activities.....	Charlotte Chapman
Exchanges.....	Jennie Corrinet
Book Reviews.....	Margaret Tompkins
Jokes.....	Maxine McClatchy
Alumni Notes.....	Rebecca Trigo
Athletics.....	Norman Hollister
Commercial Notes.....	Patrick Mahon

The Senior Hop

Did you miss a good time? I'll say you did if you failed to come to the "Senior Hop." On December 12th, the class of '25 held its Senior dance. The music was of the best, being furnished by Taylor's Orchestra. The hall was trimmed with Christmas decorations. With an ideal hall, attractive decorations, and excellent music, what more could be desired? About seventy-five couples attended and everyone enjoyed a pleasant evening. The chaperons were: Dr. and Mrs. Gannon, Mr. and Mrs. Strout, Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, Miss Pfeiffer, class adviser, Miss Morse, Mrs. Pierce and Mr. Ford. The success of this dance gave encouragement to the Juniors, who were working hard to make a success of the Junior "Prom." The class is grateful to Robert McLaughlin for the attractive posters, which were used in the halls to advertise the dance.

Mildred McLaughlin, '25

The Junior Prom

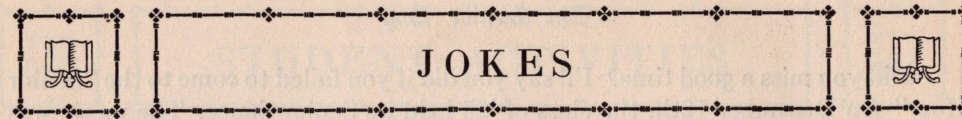
A smash-bang hit! That is what our Junior Prom was. It was held on the evening of January 9th, at the Girls League gymnasium. The "gym" was very prettily decorated in purple and white, the school colors, and blue and gray, the Senior colors. Taylor's orchestra furnished peppy music, and everyone voted the dance a great success. Our chaperons and the members of the faculty who were present were: Mr. and Mrs. Strout, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Miss Clifford, class adviser, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Goodwin, Miss Day, Miss Farrell, and Mrs. McCubbin.

The Junior A class wishes to thank everyone who helped make the Prom a success, especially Yon Bros., who loaned us the furniture for the cosy corner, and Dan Hickey, who provided the palms.

Jennie Corrinet, '26

In loving memory of Paul Bonin, '27

Died December 23rd, 1924



Famous Sayings of Mr. Hayes.

"I'll tell you frankly I'll flunk you cold."

"I'll throw you out."

"Sit down Next "

"You've told me that ten times this week."

"This is the worst class I've ever had"

"As this is probably the last time I shall have charge of the Pen, I'd like this to be a very good issue."

"This is the homeliest as well as the stupidest class that ever graduated from Pittsfield High School."

* * * *

E. Paro—(directing traffic) "Bagley, single file."

F. Bagley—"Say—do I look like twins?"

* * * *

M. Jacoby: "Dumbbell."

I. Loveless: "What did you say?"

M. Jacoby: "Nothing—only the name of a club I belong to."

* * * *

(Freshie): "Where do I take Caesar?"

L. Deming: "Take him anywhere you like but keep him away from me."

* * * *

J. Dormer (to sophomore): "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Soph.- "Naw, what period does it come?"

* * * *

F. Chase (reading Virgil): "Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and—that's as far as I got, Miss Mills."

Miss Mills: "Well, Mr. Chase, I think that was quite far enough."

* * * *

Mr. Lucy to H. Cote: "How many sides has a circle?"

H. Cote: "Two sides."

Mr. Lucy: "What are they?"

H. Cote: "Inside and outside."

* * * *

"Sit down!" said a nervous old gentleman to his son who was making too much noise.

"I won't do it," was the impudent answer.

"Well, then stand up. I will be obeyed "

* * * *

Miss Pfeiffer: "Now, what was unusual in that scene?"

L. Wills: "His wife wanted him to stay home—"

Miss Pfeiffer: "I hardly think that could be called unusual."

Leonard Wills

FranklIn Gamwell

JaneT McBeth

FayetTe Controy

TommY Doyle

Miriam Savage

NettiE Poch

CarloN Lind

BennIe Klein

Charles Owen

HomeR Cote

FranceS Crowley

* * * *

C. Lind (trying to recite when he doesn't know the lesson).

Mrs. Bennet: "Expand! Expand!"

* * * *

"Won't you come into my parlor?"

Said the spider to the fly.

"Parlor nothin—getta flivver,"

Was the modern fly's reply.

* * * *

A man is but a worm of the dust—he comes along, wiggles about a while, and finally some chicken gets him.

* * * *

"Sire, there is a messenger without."

"Without what?"

"Without the gate."

"Sirrah, then give him the gate."

* * * *

Miss Pfeiffer: "What is free verse?"

F. Gamwell: "The triumph of mind over meter."

* * * *

E. Paro: "Have you never met a man whose touch seemed to thrill you?"

M. McLaughlin: "Yes, once. The dentist."

* * * *

E. McRoberts: "Everybody says there's something dove-like about me."

Phil Ayre: "Sure, you're pigeon-toed."

* * * *

What could be worse than being a kleptomaniac in a piano store, a vegetarian in a meat market, a Quaker in Paris?

* * * *

Mr. Larkin: "Who on earth is making that gurgling noise?"

L. Wills: "I am. I'm trying to swallow that line you are throwing."

She: "Sir, do you realize whom you are speaking to? I am the daughter of an English peer."

He: "Not so fast. I'm the son of an American doc."

* * * *

E. Anderson: "When I go to heaven, I'm going to ask Shakespeare if he really wrote such plays."

F. Controy: "Suppose he isn't there?"

E. Anderson: "Then you ask him."

* * * *

Mrs. Bennet (on Monday afternoon, after telling Klein all he didn't know): "Now you are free to ask questions."

Klein: "What time is it?"

* * * *

LOST: A reward of an extra copy of the "Pen" will be given to any senior who can find our late post-graduate, Edgar Roth. Last seen Friday, December 12th, at the "Senior Hop."

* * * *

Mrs. Bennet: "How long did the Thirty Years War last?"

Delmarter: "I don't know."

Mrs. Bennet: "Well, how old is your twelve year old sister?"

Delmarter: "Twelve years old."

Mrs. Bennet: "Now, how long did the Thirty Years War last?"

Delmarter: "Twelve years."

* * * *

Mr. Russell: "When rain falls, does it ever rise again?"

L. Cohen: "Yes, sir."

Mr. Russell: "When?"

L. Cohen: "Why, in dew time—"

Mr. Russell: "That will do Cohen. You may sit down."

* * * *

Miss Day (In Arlington Cemetery, to a stranger): "How many dead are there?"

Stranger: "I don't know, Miss, but I think they are all dead."

* * * *

Famous Songs of Famous People etc

My Sweetie Went Away—Isabel Patnode

Vamping Rose—Bertha Basset

Supposin'—Homer Cole

Forget-me-not—P. H. S.

Worried—Everybody

A Young Man's Fancy—Evelyn Anderson

Sweet Lady—Mildred McLaughlin

You're a Dangerous Girl—Miriam Savage

Memory Lane—Corridor to Mrs. Bennett's Room

As they see us

The Student's Pen—You certainly have an ideal school paper. Your poetry department is one of the best we have ever seen. The Book Review department is a novel one and is very interesting. Come again.

"The Observer"—Ansonia, Conn.

The Student's Pen—A well arranged paper with fine editorials.

"The Hartfordian"—Hartford, Vt.

The Student's Pen—The number we are reviewing is the annual Thanksgiving issue, and it certainly is very good. Its editorials are fine; its stories are excellent—every one and excepting none—and its humorous matter is everything that can be desired. We wish especially to praise its poetry. Such poetry, indeed, we have never seen, and it certainly shows great talent. We enjoyed especially "The Tragedy of Our Auto," a very entertaining poem concerning the disillusionment of a certain family in regard to "machines" as "papa" called them. We were greatly and pleasantly surprised by your ability, O Pittsfieldites, and we can only say, "Keep up your good work."

"The Argus,"—Waterbury, Conn.

As we see them

The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.—Why not have a table of contents? It would improve your magazine.

The Albanian, St. Albans School, Washington, D. C.—A very interesting magazine. Why not a few more stories and jokes? Your cuts make the issue particularly good.

The Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.—Your Christmas issue was excellent! We compliment you on your cover design. It is very unusual. Come again.

Shucis, Schenectady, N. Y. We congratulate Miss Gormley on her prize-winning story. It certainly deserved a prize. In fact, your whole magazine is very well written up.

The Item, Dorchester, Mass.—Your Personals and Exchanges are very clever. A little more poetry might help out.

Exchanges

We started off the New Year right. We claim a very large list of exchanges, and we wish all our exchanges the best of luck throughout the coming year. It is very unusual for a school to have exchanges from all over the United States, but the Student's Pen claims them from places as far apart as Florida, Texas and Canada.

Exchange Editor

Class Ode

Air: "Santa Lucia"

1925 is here,

School days are ending,

All of their hopes and fears

In victory blending,

Yet, as we pass, we say,

Sad as we sever

"Pittsfield forever!

Pittsfield forever!"

We hold in memory dear

Glad times together,

Thoughts of our teachers true

Failing us never.

We'll climb to victory,

Loyal and true to thee

Pittsfield forever!

Pittsfield forever!

Now, as we leave these halls,

Life's voice inviting,

Loud every student calls,

Fondly uniting,

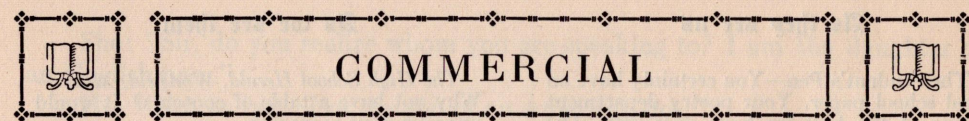
"Farewell dear Pittsfield High

To return never

Farewell forever!

Farewell forever!"

Elizabeth Frank, Com'l.



Leaders in Government

PEOPLE who live in a republic are more concerned about the policies of their government than those who live in a country where a king has absolute control. When a king is in power he decides who will make the laws, who will execute them, and what the policies of the country shall be. In such a state the subjects cannot see their ideas executed, as the policy of the government is not for them to settle. In a limited monarchy, however, the people make known their wishes, while in a republic they not only voice their desires but choose persons they believe to be capable of executing them.

For this reason, people in the United States are interested in the choosing of their officers for they will execute the policies of the government. The voters look for representatives who will best fulfill their ideals. To do this, the leader studies his countrymen, their special characteristics, their special needs, and desires. He goes among them; converses with them frequently; and tries to find out just how he may best serve them. After learning what his electorate expect he must decide what his policy will be. Obviously, then, only a person of sound judgment should be trusted in such a capacity. A representative would not be able to carry out every man's desires but he would have to decide which were most beneficial to his countrymen as a whole; then do his best to have such policies enforced.

The task of interpreting the laws could be accomplished by words and explanations, but in order to be most successful in the execution of the laws which they have made, the leaders are expected, first of all, to abide by these laws. Perhaps the most effective method of teaching is by example and the easiest way to learn is by observation. In this sense the executive is a teacher and his constituents are the pupils. A person who feels the law is being obeyed by the leader will more easily come to understand the value and purpose of it, however hard it may seem at first.

Think of the tragedies which result when weak or insincere executives are in power! Then undesirable elements in a country try to overthrow the just, and little or no progress can be made until leaders with high ideals and sincere purpose replace their unscrupulous, self-seeking predecessors.

Of late a great deal has been written about the weakness of the republican form of government. Many times writers have said that when the bulk of the voters in a republic have had only a meagre education the leaders chosen by them can be only on a slightly higher level and for this reason countries with kings and emperors have a higher standard of political leadership. But history does not bear this out, for only an occasional leader has been a giant in monarchies, while in republics there have been many exceptionally high grade leaders. The reason for this may be attributed to the fact that competition always improves production. In a republic where every person has the possibility of becoming a leader

the constant rivalry eventually forces the standard up, and what in a monarchy was considered to be good leadership may in a republic become statesmanship.

The leaders whom people need are those who consider their offices not as a means to gratify their personal ambition but as a trust put into their hands by the people, and as a trust for which they are responsible to the people.

The position of such leaders could be likened to that of a director of a large business corporation who has the safe-keeping of many investments and who is responsible for the permanent success of the concern. A government leader has a similar but a much greater and nobler responsibility,—a more sacred trust in safeguarding the welfare, prosperity, and happiness of the greatest corporation in the world—his own country. It is his sacred duty, and should be his noblest ambition to keep unstained the ideals of his country for which heroes in times past have shed their blood. This sacred trust of country must not be trifled with, must not be ignored, nor in any way defaced.

It is the duty, therefore, as well as the privilege of the voters to choose for political leaders those men who appreciate most what it has cost in suffering and sacrifice to uphold their country's standards and who are ready and willing, should occasion demand it, to make an equal or greater sacrifice to preserve them for future posterity.

Dorothy H. Fisher, Commercial

Social Leadership

THE art of handling men is called leadership. This art is based on the fact that there is in every man a tremendous latent force which may be aroused by a skillful leader who knows how to inspire a man's loyalty, pride, and ambition to do his uttermost for the glory of his group, and the honor of his cherished leader. The poor leader leaves all this enthusiastic service and devotion dormant in his men, and, therefore, his men do just well enough to conform to cold requirements. The letter of the law is their sole guide and they may even seek to evade that. Such leadership paralyzes efficiency and does actual harm to the characters operating under it.

In the discussion of leadership the qualities and characteristics are embraced within a wide range; what applies to one division of leadership may equally be applied to another. The word "social" is comprehensive in its including all classes of mankind.

By social leadership I do not refer to the so-called society leaders. In many instances the leader in society gains his or her popularity simply by wealth or position; not because he has the marks of real leadership. In the case of a woman it may be that she has reached the pinnacle of the social ladder through the business success of her husband. Rather, by social leadership, I refer to that in the home, the church, the school, the club, or the community. Every one takes part in social life through one of these sources. In these gatherings there is always someone whom we are willing and ready to follow instinctively.

If we were to analyze our reasons for following others, we would find that a leader possesses certain traits, in most cases innate, while in others these traits are

acquired by training. In many modern colleges and universities social leadership is one of the subjects included in the curriculum. From these schools, social leaders go into different sections of the country, helping to organize groups or clubs that will benefit the community as a whole. Leadership in any sphere of life based upon force and physical power cannot be permanently maintained. To be effective leadership, whether in social life, politics, or business must be based on knowledge.

For a leader a vital characteristic is honesty. Not honesty in the sense of refraining from taking an article which does not rightfully belong to a person, but rather honesty of purpose. First of all to be honest with one's self, and secondly to be honest in our dealings with others. Loyalty ranks second in the qualities of a leader. Before a leader may expect his followers to give of their efforts he must prove his loyalty to their interests; putting service above self. A leader should not do a piece of work from a selfish view-point, expecting a reward, but should do it for the pleasure of others, and, as a reward, receive the happiness that is generated from work which is well done. A person may possess these essentials of character, but the capacity or ability to do work may be missing. This quality may be called initiative which constitutes the willingness and fearlessness to complete some given task confidently, yet not be afraid of the consequences. Tact, the moving on through life without constantly coming into collision with people and things, is a third important quality. A person may be honest, loyal, and possess initiative, but if he does not possess tact, all is lost. Also, the man who has caught up with his ideal or has ceased striving will never inspire the forward movement of others.

The greatest of all social leaders in the history of the world was Christ. The principals of his leadership are still practised in nearly every part of the earth after two thousand years.

The world is constantly depending on the home for its leaders of the future. It is the home-training which counts in later years, for when we are young, our characters are being moulded. The mother by her patience and tenderness, instills in our minds from babyhood the consideration for others that is embodied in the golden rule. Mother is little known outside the home circle, but her influence is carried forth when the children go out into the world.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The father by his wise and stern counsel points out to the growing boy and girl the practical side of life. When home conditions are not of the best, the teacher or a loving friend may have a great influence in moulding the qualities of leadership in the formative years of a child's life.

And so in our future leaders we shall find the qualities referred to, and realize that the ideal home is where the seed of good social leadership is sown.

Evelyn W. Thomas, Commercial

Leaders in Business

THE men who have acquired great riches in the commercial world are known to many of us. Some of these are looked upon as the leaders of business, but there are many others, perhaps not so prominent as these millionaires, who are regarded as men of genius.

This evening I shall speak of the great body of business men that are found in every community and to whom we look for guidance in our economic life. It may be interesting at this time to pause for a few moments to analyze more clearly the reasons why these men are the leaders in their chosen work. The characteristics necessary to become a leader in the commercial world are not wholly different from those which stamp a man a leader in any other walk of life. He must be ambitious; he must feel within himself the driving force of leadership in order to overcome those obstacles that beset his path. Without this characteristic he cannot hope to attain leadership in his chosen profession.

The second step toward the gaining of leadership in any work is to prepare himself to assume the responsibilities that he will have to bear. By scientific training and education he is able to fit himself for the attainment of leadership.

Pope says, "the proper study of mankind is man," and men who have won success have kept this in mind. We find that the successful men know human nature and its needs—and that they have tried to find ways and means of supplying those needs. They realize that "service above self" is the best maxim to follow in the commercial world.

They have found, too, that no business organization can hope to become successful unless the employees co-operate with their executives and administrators. The real leader is one who can demonstrate as well as delegate. He must be able, too, to show his men that he is as good a follower as well as a good leader when occasion demands.

The true leaders of business are those men who have sound policies and who, because of their integrity, receive the confidence of their clients and patrons. That a man's word is as good as his bond is as true today in the business world as it was in the past. A good business leader must be tactful, a worker, a man of initiative, and at all times must be able to visualize those projects that he undertakes. He must, in his mind's eye, be able to see from beginning to end those enterprises. He is thus prepared to cope with the vexing problems of the day and so be able to prevent disastrous results.

The business world of today judges its men and women by what they produce and as a consequence, results are constantly in demand. The questions of the day are, "What can you do?" and "How well can you do it?" The leaders of the commercial world about us are getting results. The flourishing condition of our country today is proof of this, and we therefore owe a debt of gratitude to these men and women who have made it so. I have no doubt that these lines were always in their mind.

"Heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night."

Marjorie Karner, Salutatorian, Commercial '25

Class Statistics

As I think of the few days we have left with the pupils of the school I wonder whether or not they know our characteristics or peculiarities.

First we have Stanton McCroary, the shortest boy in the class, and with him his friend Frank McKeever the tallest boy, while among the girls little Elizabeth Frank is the shortest and besides her stands the four foot giantess Pep Levine.

The beautiful curls of Ida Rosen excite the admiration of all while Pep Levine again springs to the fore with her long straight, smooth hair.

The thinnest girl in our class is Eva Knight who never thinks to powder her nose while for our fat girl Elizabeth Frank again forces herself on our notice and her nose is always well powdered.

On the question "Who has the smallest feet in the class Louis Plass and Chester Green had quite a dispute but finally decided that Louis had the smallest feet as he wears a No. 3½ Shoe while Chester wears No. 13.

Marjorie Karner tried to claim the distinction of having the largest feet among the girls but had to yield the honor to our Cinderella, Anna Callahan and be satisfied with the smallest foot herself.

Ruth Bradway and Michael Alessio have done considerable scrapping to decide who is the brightest in the class. It was finally decided in favor of Michael and poor Ruth has to go to the foot of the class as the dullard or dunce.

While we were busy deciding this question another contest arose between Evelyn Thomas and Dorothy Fisher both claiming the proud title of Class Giggler. On putting it before the class Dorothy was declared the Class Giggler while Evelyn was branded as quiet and demure.

There are a few other things which we might tell you such as:

Our prettiest girl Evelyn Thomas.

Our Class Orator Stanton McCroary.

Our Class Poetess Ruth Bradway.

Our well-beloved Class President Louis Plass.

Our solemn Frank McKeever.

Our sweet Phalice Sears.

Our smiling Eva Knight.

Our bright-eyed Michael Alessio.

Our Chester Green so full of suggestion.

Our serious-minded Ralph Levernoch.

Our Anna Callahan always cheerful.

Our Marjorie who never quarrels.

Our Prima Donna Elizabeth Frank.

And last but not least our accurate, responsible and most reliable statistician who respectfully submits the above.

Helen Cheyne

Class Prophecy

IT was in the early winter of 1939. I had just returned from an aeroplane tour of the Orient and was visiting in Washington, D. C., as the guest of Helen Cheyne, the private secretary to Honorable Ruth Bradway of the United States Senate.

On the evening of my arrival Helen said she had reserved seats for the opera "Mustachio" in which the prima donna, Mme. Elizabeth Frank, was being starred. The opera was being broadcasted from Station N U T which was operated by Louis Plass. We all knew Louie would become famous in radio.

After leaving the opera we hailed a passing taxi-plane, and recognized the driver as Frank McKeever. He said he had an Aero-plane Taxi Agency in Washington, which he had started three years before and was considering the opening of a station back in Pittsfield. He told us his old friend, Michael Alessio, was the proprietor of the Pink Tea Rooms where the eats were especially good.

The next afternoon we attended a reception at the home of Senatress Bradway, given in honor of Stanton McCroary, the "King of the Ivories", who was spending a few weeks in Washington before starting a musical tour of Europe.

Dorothy Fisher, also a guest at the reception, was on leave of absence from Missionary Work in Turkey. She said some of the Turks were pretty hard to tame. She also told us that while spending a few days in London, she had met Chester Green, who was at the head of the Green Fire Insurance Company. Chester was so surprised at seeing her that he almost dropped his monocle.

After leaving the reception Helen and I started to walk up Coolidge Avenue. While window gazing, we met Marjorie Karner, who was now married, but had left her husband home with the dog. Now I think of it, she forgot to tell us his name. Marjorie was manager of the Karner Wholesale Hot Puppy Company. She must be rather independent.

When we left Marjorie we dropped in at the Pink Tea Rooms. We were ushered to a table by the head waiter who recommended the special "Hot Dog Mousse". When he spoke we recognized him as Ralph Levernoch. When he brought the order he said Mike was busy in his office with his secretary, Anna Callahan, but would see us in a few moments. When Mike came in we all talked about the gang back in high school. Mike said it was nearly time for the great actress, June Day, whom we had known as Eva Knight, to lunch. He said she visited the tea rooms daily, and was starring in the musical comedy, "The Little Lady". Eva came in soon and said she was to leave in a week or two for Palm Beach. Because of her frailty her doctor, who was Pep Levine, had ordered her to take a rest. She said Ida Rosen was Pep's associate nurse, and both were kept very busy in Washington.

A few days later I left for my home, happy to have learned the whereabouts of my former classmates of Pittsfield High School.

Evelyn W. Thomas

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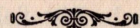
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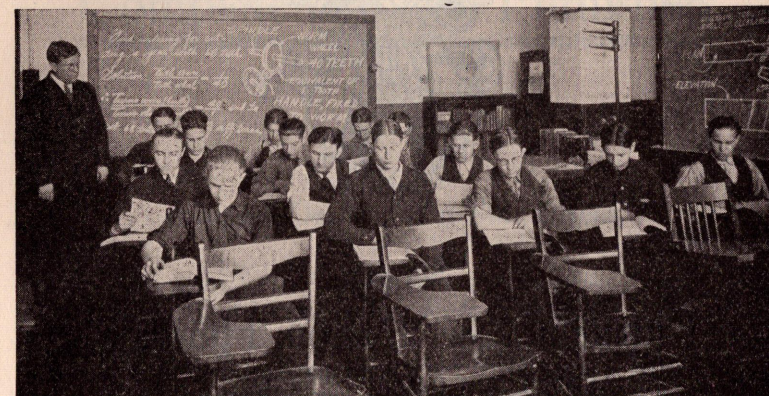
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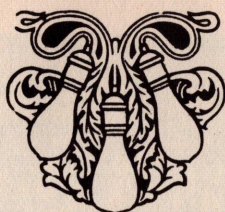


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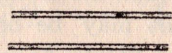


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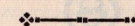
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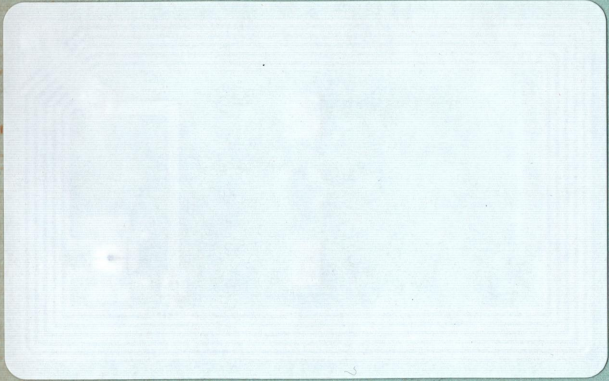
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